

Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' TH' YEAR



IN THE DEPTHS

Deeper than reason, deeper than mind,
Down in the depths of my spirit I find
Senses of vast and ungraspable things
Stirring the soul like a flutter of wings,
Filling my heart with a faith in a day
Far in the future, yet here in a way,
Bliss with the light of a Fatherly face
Loving of eye, and a-glowing with grace,
Hiding me enter of sorrows all free
Into the home that is waiting for me,
That is the faith in my spirit I find,
Deeper than reason, deeper than mind,
Senses of love, and ineffable things,
Stirring my soul like a flutter of wings!

Doing Up Gifts.

—Yes, again.
—An old subject?
—And very threadbare.
—Yes, but very important.
—Pardon thinking up a gift.
—Consider laying out money for it.
—Think of making a beautiful gift.
—Think of getting it up in any of the ways.
—And then think of the stupidity of doing it up in slovenly fashion.
—Not only does careless wrapping belittle the gift—it adds to its chances of joining the one-quarter of all the gifts mailed which are never delivered.

To Clean Fur Rugs.

A fur rug cleaned by throwing it, fur downward, on a very wet or snowy grass plot or a piece of wet asphalt. When the fur is well moistened hang on a line, beat lightly on the wrong side, and then brush the fur in the right direction.

Dolls.

—There's a doll world!
—There are dolls to love.
—There are dolls to admire.
—Rag dolls and dolls in satin figure.
—There are dolls representing all nations.
—Equino dolls wear furs from top to toe.
—Dolls from tropical Africa wear as little as the law allows.
—There are dancing dolls, diving dolls, dolls that fly, swim and do other stunts.
—There are also dolls of all ages, all conditions and all degrees of loveliness.

To Remove Mud Stains.

Carbonate of soda will remove the most obstinate of mud stains. Rub off with a cloth or dandel dipped in the soda, then press the wrong side of the fabric with a hot iron.

COVERING THE BED

The problem of finding becoming and at the same time serviceable covers for all the beds in the house is a difficult one. In the day when heavy white Marseilles counterpanes and elaborate pillow shams were used, the beds all ways looked neat and clean, at least, and there was a uniformity about them that was pleasant. Since those days we have gone through many phases so far as bed coverings are concerned. The day of net and lace covers spread over pink and blue silesia or silk, with bolster rolls to match, in which the pillows were packed every day, brought about another neat, although ornate period of bed covering. But to-day pillow shams are out of date and so are Marseilles counterpanes and so are colored silk linings to lace and net bolster rolls and covers.

Pure white is the color preferred at the moment for most bed coverings. The finest spreads are those made of heavy linen, embroidered elaborately or simply in Madeira, satin stitch or English eyelet work. These spreads are expensive, but they wear well. With these pillow slips embroidered in the same way may be used. The problem of keeping the pillows fresh without the aid of pillow shams or bolster rolls is a difficult one. There is nothing to do but to have many pillow slips and to change them as soon as they look wrinkled. Some frugal housewives have plain cotton or linen pillow slips on the pillows at night and in the day time have embroidered slips pulled over these. The embroidered slips are removed and folded neatly when the beds are opened at night.

A double set of pillows is another way out of the difficulty of fresh-looking pillows. The under set is used to sleep on, the top pair are removed when the beds are opened at night, and so are kept fresh to cover the wrinkled ones that are slept on.

Still another way to solve the pillow problem is to have the spread large enough to pull up over the pillows during the day. Another method is to keep the pillows in a box which rolls on casters under the bed in the daytime. The spread is then arranged smoothly and a solid bolster roll, dressed all in white, is used.

Swiss is much used for bed spreads. It is tucked and tacked to the bed in section and is made, usually, without a flange, but with edges that fall almost to the floor. Sometimes the swiss spread is not made so wide and then a valance of chintz to match the hangings of the room is used. Under the swiss spread there is a white cover of some sort to protect the blankets and to give the proper background to the transparent swiss. It can be simply a sheet, drawn smoothly over the blankets, or it can be a white silk or silesia or satin cover.

With old-fashioned mahogany furniture the bed coverings should be old-fashioned, too. If you are fortunate enough to have an old quilt made in an elaborate pattern, especially one which is pure white, use it on the old-fashioned bed. Otherwise, make a spread of chintz, or else one of heavy, homespun linen.

For children's rooms the white dimity covers, that are thick enough to be laundered easily and yet thick enough so that they are not transparent, are the best choice.

CAUSES OF DYSPEPSIA

Eye Strain, Bad Teeth and Catarrhal Conditions Do the Damage.

One of the commonest causes of chronic dyspepsia is eye strain, says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in "Common Diseases," and persistent lack of appetite or discomfort after eating, or gas on the stomach, or so-called gastralgia, will be completely relieved by the fitting of a proper pair of glasses and the taking off of that incessant strain on the nervous system.

Another common cause of chronic digestive disturbances is catarrh, so called, by which is meant some persistent infective or suppurative process going on in the nose or throat. The closely related, and indeed, more common and potent than this, is bad teeth, which act both by making proper chewing and mastication of the food impossible, and also, like catarrh, by pouring down the throat into the unfortunate stomach one incessant stream of pus and the germs of suppurative or putrefaction.

It is not too much to say that probably half of all cases of chronic dyspepsia are due to these three causes combined—eye strain, bad teeth and catarrhal conditions in the nose and throat. Go to a competent expert and have these conditions relieved, and your dyspepsia will often disappear as if by magic.

For a long time the wise medicine men talked about who would be best to send, and finally they decided that the copperhead snake and the spreading-adder snakes ought to go, for they would be sure to kill the sun if they bit her.

So the copperhead and the spreading-adder went and hid themselves just outside the door of the house of the daughter of the sun while the sun was inside eating dinner. But when the sun stepped out, she was so red and angry that the spreading-adder snake was thrown and all he could do was to swell up and spit out yellow slime—just as he does to this day when he is stirred. And when the copperhead saw that the spreading-adder couldn't do anything, he ran away.

Then the wise medicine men had to come together again and find another messenger to send up to the house of the daughter of the sun. This time it was the rattlesnake who went, and he coiled down right beside the door, with his eyes closed. And when he heard some one coming out of the house he sprang like a flash of lightning and struck.

But it was the daughter of the sun who had come out, and so it was she who was killed. As soon as he had struck, the rattlesnake came back to man and said that he had done his work.

At first the people did not know that the rattlesnake had killed the daughter of the sun, but the people all thanked the rattlesnake and said that they would never harm him. And so to this day men who know will not disturb the rattlesnake, and the rattlesnake does not bite man unless he is bothered.



FOR THE SMALL GIRL.

A Dress for Play and One for Very Best.

MENU

Breakfast: Oranges, Bacon and Eggs, Cereal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon: Cold Meats, Baked Potatoes, Stewed Celery, Current Bread.

Dinner: Pork Chops, Stewed Apples, Browned Sweet Potatoes, Peas, Bread Pudding with Marmalade.

Bread Pudding With Jam. To a pint of soft, white crumbs, add two cups of milk, let this stand half an hour, add a quarter of a teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sugar and the stiff whites of three eggs put it into a buttered dish and bake in a layer of raspberry jam or marmalade and the beaten white of an egg mixed with a tablespoon of sugar, and return to the oven to brown, serve hot or cold.

Sweet Cream Sandwiches. Beat four ounces of butter to a cream, add by degrees four ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of fine flour, four eggs (one by one), a squeeze of lemon juice, or a tablespoonful of rose water, and, lastly, a teaspoonful of baking powder. When thoroughly mixed, bake in shallow buttered tins. Leave them till cold, then cut in finger slices. Take a quarter of a pint of cream and whip it up till it is perfectly thick. Spread this mixture on half the strips and cover with the others, sandwich fashion, ice them with chocolate icing.

Fashions and Fads

A new thought is to have a white wash petticoat of poplin closely fitted to the figure and finished around the bottom with embroidered scalloped. It is dainty, more durable and less expensive than those made of silk.

Black suede and patent leather shoes for afternoon wear demand much attention for their buckles. Some of their buckles are sewed on, backed with a pan-shaped arrangement of black and white feathers behind them. There is quite a departure from the commonplace handkerchief this season. They are trimmed with footings; black and white handkerchiefs are quite the thing; colored handkerchiefs are very fashionable, the handkerchief proper being the color and the border of white.

Fur trims the new neckwear. Hats have bands of fur and fur crowns. Lace dresses are much in favor as ball gowns. The transparent tulle is exceedingly popular.



WRAP OF SILK DUVETINE.

In a lovely shade of brown, with sealskin collar and lining of black velvet.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Challis Wrandsall is found dead in a road-house. His widow, accidentally meeting the girl, Hetty Castleton, who had accompanied him to the inn the night before, offers her a home. The two women return from a long journey, Hetty having been married to a brother, falls desperately in love with Miss Castleton and proposes to her, but is rejected with heretofore Smith, a detective, suspects Mrs. Wrandsall of having committed the murder, but offers to drop the matter for a price. Mr. Wrandsall, the older, disconcerting the sleuth by declaring falsely that he had talked with Mrs. Wrandsall at her own apartment on the night of the murder. Mrs. Wrandsall, however, agrees to pay the man, because he has been a "chance."

Don Booth, a friend of Leslie's, also falls in love with the girl, and his love is returned, but she refuses to marry him, telling him that she will explain why some day. She confesses that she has known for a long time that she once loved, as Hetty, an actress, for another artist. Though the girl tries to tell Mrs. Wrandsall, she went in innocently to the inn with Challis Wrandsall, she will not listen, but insists that she accept Leslie Wrandsall, who has come again to urge his suit. Miss Castleton still remains silent, and he informs his family of his rejection.

CHAPTER XVII.

Crossing the Channel.

Booth, restless with a vague uncertainty that had come over him during the night, keeping him awake until nearly dawn, was hard put during the early hours of the forenoon to find occupation for his interest until a reasonable time arrived for appearing at Southlock. He was unable to account for this feeling of uncertainty and irritation.

At nine he set out to walk over to Southlock, realizing that he should have to spend an hour in pointless gossip with the lodgekeeper before presenting himself at the villa, but somehow relishing the thought that even so he would be nearer to Hetty than if he remained in his own dooryard. Halfway there he was overtaken by Sara's big French machine returning from the village. The car came to a standstill as he stepped aside to let it pass, and Sara herself leaned over and cordially invited him to get in and ride home with her.

"What an early bird you are," he exclaimed as he took his seat beside her. She was not in a mood for airy persiflage, as he soon discovered. "Miss Castleton has gone up to town," Mr. Booth said rather listlessly. "I have just taken her to the station. She caught the eight-thirty."

He was at once solicitous. "No bad news I hope?" There was no thought in his mind that her absence was other than temporary.

"She is not coming back, Brandon," she had not addressed him as Brandon before.

"He stared. 'You—you mean—' The words died on his lips. 'She is not coming back,' she repeated. 'An accusing gleam leaped into his eyes.'

"What has happened, Mrs. Wrandsall?" he asked. "She was quick to perceive the change in his voice and manner. 'She prefers to live apart from me. That is all.'

"But yesterday, soon after she came in from her walk with you?" "Do—do you mean to imply that that had anything to do with her leaving your house?" he demanded, with a flush on his cheek.

"She met his look without flinching. 'It was the beginning.' 'You—you criticized her? You took her to task—'

"I notified her that she was to marry Leslie Wrandsall, if she married any one at all," she said in a perfectly level tone. "Good Lord, Mrs. Wrandsall!"

"But she is not going to marry Leslie." "I know it—I know it yesterday," he cried triumphantly. "She loves me, Sara. Didn't she say as much to you?"

"Yes, Brandon, she loves you. But she will not be your wife." "What is all this mystery? Why can't she be my wife? What is there to prevent?"

"She regarded him with dark, inscrutable eyes. Many seconds passed before she spoke. 'Would you want her for your wife if you knew she had belonged to another man?'

"He turned very cold. The palms of his hands were wet, and with leavert, something dark seemed to flit before his eyes. 'I will not believe that of her,' he said, shaking his head with an air of finality. 'That is not an answer to my question.'

"Yes, I would still want her," he declared steadily. "I merely meant to put you to the hardest test," she said, and there was a gleam in her voice. "She is a good girl, she is pure, I asked my question because until yesterday I had reason to doubt her."

"Good heavens, how could you doubt these honest, guileless eyes of—' She shook her head sadly. 'To answer you I would have to reveal a secret that makes it impossible for her to become your wife, and that I cannot, will not do.'

"Is it fair to me?" "It is fair to her, and that is why I must remain silent." "Before God, I shall know the truth—' from her, if not from you—and—' "If you love her, if you will be kind to her, you will let her go her way in peace."

"He was struck by the somewhat sinister earnestness of her words. 'Tell me where I may find her,' he said, setting his jaw. 'I will not be difficult for you to find her,' she said, lowering, 'if you insist on pursuing her.'

"You drive her away from your house, Sara Wrandsall, and yet expect me to believe that your motives are friendly. Should I accept your word as final?" "I did not drive her away, nor did I ask her to stay."

"He stared hard at her. 'Good Lord, what is the meaning of all this?' he cried in perplexity. 'What am I to understand?' The car had come to a stop under the porte cochere. She laid her hand on his arm. 'If you will come in with me, Brandon, I will try to make some things clear to you.'

He left in half an hour, walking rapidly down the drive, his coat buttoned closely, although the morning was hot and breathless. He held in his hand a small scrap of paper on which was written: "If I loved you less, I

would come to you now and lie to you. If you love me, Brandon, you will let me go my way. It is the only course. Sara is my friend, and she is yours. Be guided by her, and leave in my love for you, Hetty."

And now, as things go in fairy stories, we should prepare ourselves to see Hetty, who has passed through a season of drudgery and hardship, with the slight quittance of joy as the reward for her trials and tribulations. Happily, this is not a fairy tale. There are some things more fantastic than fairy tales, if they are not spoiled in the telling. Hetty did not go forth to encounter drudgery, disdain and obloquy. By no manner of means! She went with a well-filled purse, a definite purpose ahead and a determined factor behind.

In a manner befitting her station as the intimate friend of Mrs. Challis Wrandsall, as the cousin of the Murgatroyds, as the daughter of Colonel Castleton, of the Indian Corps, as a person supposed to be possessed of independent means, withal, she went, with none to question, none to cavil.

Sara had insisted on this, as much for her own sake as for Hetty's, she argued, and she had prevailed in the end. What would the world think, what would their acquaintances think, and above all what would the high and mighty Wrandsalls think if she went with meek and lowly mien?

Why should they make it possible for any one to look askance? And so it was that she departed in state, with a dozen trunks and boxes, an obsequiously attended seat in the parlor-car was hers; a telegram in her bag assured her that rooms were being reserved for herself and maid at the Ritz-Carlton; alongside it reposed a letter to Mr. Carrington, asking him to provide her with sufficient funds to carry out the plan agreed upon; and in the seat behind sat the lady's maid who had served her for a twelve month, and no more.

The timely demise of the venerable Lord Murgatroyd afforded the most natural excuse for her trip to England. The old nobleman gave up the ghost, allowing for difference in time, at the very moment when Mrs. Redmond Wrandsall was making a ceremonial package from London, which turned out to be a complete history of what his forebears had done in the way of preparation since the fourteenth century.

Hetty did not find it easy to accommodate her pride to the plan which was to give her a fresh start, and imposing start in the world. She was to have a full year in which to determine whether she should accept toil and poverty as her lot, or emulate the symbolic example of Dicky, the canary bird. At the end of the year, unless she did as Dicky had done, her source of supplies would be automatically cut off and she would be entirely dependent upon her own wits and resources. In the interim, she was to be a person of leisure. It had required hours of persuasion on the part of Sara Wrandsall to bring her into line with these arrangements.

"But I am able and willing to work for my living," had been Hetty's stubborn reply to all the arguments brought to bear upon her.

"Then let me put it in another light. It is vital to me, of course, that you should keep up the show of affluence for a while at least. I think I have made that clear to you. But here is another side to the matter; the question of recompense."

"Recompense?" cried Hetty sharply. "Without your knowing it, I have virtually held you a prisoner all these months, condemned in my own judgment if not in the sight of the law. I have taken the law into my own hands. You were not convicted of murder in this unvarnished court of mine, but of another sin. For fifteen months you have been living under the shadow of a crime you did not commit. I was retaining complete punishment for you in the shape of an ignominious marriage, which was to have served two bitter ends. Well, I have had the truth from you. I believe you to be absolutely innocent of a heinous crime, and over you, for which I condemned you without a hearing. Then, why should I not employ my own means of making restitution?"

"You have condescended to believe in me. That is all I ask."

"True, that is all you ask. But is it altogether the fair way out of it? To illustrate the criminal law as you are kind to the innocent than to the guilty. Our law courts find a man guilty and he is sent to prison. Later on, he is found to be innocent—absolutely innocent. What does the State do in the premises? It issues a formal pardon, a mockery, pure and simple—and the man is set free. It all comes to a curt, belated apology for an error on the part of justice. No substantial recompense is offered. He is merely pardoned for something he did not do. The State, which has wronged him, condescends to pardon him! Think of it! It is the same as if a man knocked another down and then said, before he removed his foot from the victim's neck, 'I pardon you, freely.'"

"My father was opposed to the system we have—that all countries have—of pardoning men who have been unjustly condemned. The innocent victim is pardoned in the criminal law as the guilty one who comes in for clemency. I accept my father's contention that an innocent man should not be shamed and humiliated by a pardon. The court which tried him should reopen the case and honorably acquit him of the crime. Then the State should pay to the innocent man, dollar for dollar, all that he might have earned during his term of imprisonment, with an additional amount for the suffering he has endured. Not long ago in an adjoining State a man, who had served seventeen years of a life sentence for murder, was found to be wholly innocent. What happened? A pardon was handed to him and he walked out of prison broken in spirit, health and purse. His small fortune had been wiped out in the futile effort to prove his innocence. He gave up seventeen years of his life and then was pardoned for the murder. He should have been paid for every day spent in prison. That was the very least they could have done."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)